



Sanitary Pickets.

Values on Skin.

Shooting on the Wing.

There is perhaps, such a thing as overpraising matters, whether they be cabbages or kings, and the community has been well surrounded, artificially and by national means, with the idea that the Palama Settlement is a thing of great charity, not only charity, but usefulness, and it is not often that the two ideas are parallel. I do not write this to add to the praise that it has received, but to add to those statements made in the past the sufficient impetus to permit them to soak in.

I refer more particularly to the visiting nurse department of this institution. The seven women who are the executors of this truly great idea (forgive unkind metaphors) are the chemical actions which will eventually reduce the cosmopolitan irregularities in this crucible of a Paradise to a well balanced whole. Later on we can blame the principal of Americanization with the result, but just at present there is no reason why we should not give the angel his due.

These women, collectively, will soon know, if they do not do so now, every community-forgotten individual in this town personally. They will know—let us say do know and avoid useless repetition—every mother who is bringing up future American citizens, every little domestic irregularity of the great mass and the next active generation in Honolulu is bound to be better for the memory of a bump eased or a stubbed toe bandaged. But—

These matters, also are well known to all of us. Let us for a self-uncensored moment consider the work they are doing for the great U. S. the generation that is at the present time earning its bread by the sweat of its brow in the odd moments when it's not out of a job.

First, the seven women in their social calls, two thousand a month on an average, are made acquainted with the small ills of the great part of Honolulu—dump Honolulu, that is. Small pains are some time indicative of those things at which the community shudders when it hears, and concerning which it has passed laws and various legislation. In more ways than one these nurses are the eyes of the board of health and (again those untidy metaphors, but I can not help it, honest) they are the beneficial microbes eating the cancer of disease out of the heart of Honolulu. I must apologize for calling them microbes, but it is the little things that count.

Secondly, and lastly but not least; it is true that the board of health is discovering more unsanitary nuisances with its sixteen inspectors now than it did when it had six to cover fifteen square miles of territory, but even now the best of inspectors has not the divine prerogative of the all-pervading. There are of imaginary nuisances, little ones growing later into big ones, which are discovered by the nurses and reported the same day to the board of health; almost invariably to be corrected the next day.

This is no small or mean charity, not only to those who benefit immediately by it, but far greater to those who are able to protect themselves from the evils of their own house, but not their neighbor's—to the city at large. This is ideally public service. Would it not be wise for the liberal public service, the federal health officers, to officially inspect this system and aid with criticism and recommendations out of their own experience? The Palama settlement would eagerly welcome it.

At frequent intervals the mainland press is paying attention to the great bird reservations established by President Roosevelt to the westward of the major Hawaiian group. While the Iowa expedition and other incidents have called it to mind it is often coupled with mention of the arrest of the Japanese bird poachers a short while ago.

No one ever forgets to mention that there was also a \$100,000 worth of skins or thereabouts, found with them. Would it not be a matter of decency a matter of personal pride, anyway—to cease to put a value on these things? As long as that which is forbidden by law is set at a value just so long will we acknowledge the spirit of law-breaking. Those sales were of no value except as state's evidence for His Satanic Majesty, in my opinion.

Any one with not too delicate an ear can hear the fusillade of small popping noises from the direction where President Mott-Smith of the board of health was last seen. Not content with having pop-gunned at the head of health matters when he was perched and cooped and couldn't fly, the pot hunters are keeping up the sport while the bird is on the wing.

There's a mere hint of "put-me-on-the-back-I-did-it" in the tones we hear. He's out; he's gone away according to advice, exhortations and demands. But let us put a chunk of ice on our fevered brow and think. During six months of heart breaking endeavor with inadequate means to fight various epidemics, political and medical, the president (he is still president, gentlemen) kept pounding away on his plans and not talking for publication.

In spite of the loud remarks of the pop-gun artists he put the board of health on a new basis; put it where it could do some work. Instead of still sticking to the job and by doing all these things he has been waiting to do and which said artists have demanded, so utterly confounding spite and pre-judgments of his hard and conscientious work. That other man, at the end of dice, he considered his work completed and leaves another man to reap the benefits, if he is acclaimed for the work that he has accomplished should take off his hat a moment to Mr. Mott-Smith.

We naturally expected the popping noises to cease when the president announced his resignation, but they were just as persistent on that day as any other. Mr. Mott-Smith is sick at his Waianae home. Unfortunately, the general public has no Waianae home to retire to, but must hang around and grin and bear it.

Our Most Venomous Creature

One venomous creature there is in this country which may justly be termed a public peril, in the widest sense. Proportionately to population, more victims fall to it yearly in the United States than to the dreaded cobra in India. Some twelve thousand Americans are killed every year by its bite. Three hundred thousand more are made seriously ill from the after effects. Unfortunately, the virus works so slowly that alarm is stifled. The victims do not sicken at once. The bite is forgotten, but ten days or two weeks after, the subject falls into a fever. His blood is poisoned within him. Eventually, in extreme cases, he becomes delirious, succumbs to a stupor, and dies.

Yet, because there is nothing horrible to the sensation-loving imagination in the malaria-bearing mosquito, public inertia or ignorance tolerates it with a grin and permits it to breed in city and county alike throughout the length and breadth of the nation. Compared with it, as a real menace, all the combined brood of snakes, scorpions, centipedes, tarantulas, and other pet bugabooes of our childish romanticism are utterly negligible; are as argument to reality, as shadow to substance. It is perhaps characteristic of our wryly humorous American temperament that we should have invested the unimportant danger, with all the shuddering attributes of horror, and have made of the real peril a joke to be perennially halloed with laughter is a thousand thoughtless prints.—Everybody's Magazine.

Kaiser—My wife is always praising the men she rejected for me.
Becker—Never mind, she will praise you to her second husband.—New York Sun.

SIDELIGHTS

THE VALUE OF ADVERTISING.

It is well known that the business office of every newspaper looks upon the reporting end as merely subsidiary while the fellows in the editorial rooms view those in the business department as harmless but necessary individuals who see that the pay envelope is partially filled each Saturday.

Nevertheless even the reporters agree that advertising is one of the fine arts which, if freely indulged in, leads to fortune. That being the case they are willing to admit that some room must be found in the body politic for the advertising men. Every day, of course, those merchants who make intelligent use of the columns of The Advertiser find that advertising pays. Now the Territory has learned the fact.

How! Through the recent bond issue, so successfully floated by Treasurer Conkling with the splendid previous aid of Governor Frear and the help of the press as the chief advertising medium. It may be remembered that Mr. Conkling, although he was probably satisfied that he could get all the money in New York, thought it well to advertise for bids in outside cities. Those bids in those cities were the successful ones which brought in the big premium of over twenty thousand dollars.

New York banks and firms wanted to get the whole issue of our bonds, but their premium offers were below those which came from other cities. Mail advices received from the Coast yesterday indicate that Eastabrook & Co., who were the highest bidders, are a Boston firm; Breed and Harrison, who offered over two and a quarter per cent premium are of Cincinnati, while Garvin L. Payne and Hassensal & Co., who got \$1,325,000 at 101.38, have their head offices in Indianapolis.

The Territory has benefited by quite a nice sum because Mr. Conkling made known in the cities named the virtues of the bond issue. Dearly beloved brethren, again I say unto you, it pays to advertise.

HOW TO STOP ROOSTERS CROWING.

Many a Honolulu who is roused at incense-breathing morn by the hateful crowing of the early-rising rooster will join in passing a vote of thanks to Chief of Police McWeeny of Chicago. He has just made public a brilliant idea on how to stop roosters from crowing.

'Tis not only at the time the sun is beginning to peep over the mountains that the roosters crow for joy; the wretches make an all-night chorus. Just about the time a tired citizen gets his head on the pillow at eleven o'clock the Plymouth Rocks down at Waikiki start to crow. The Rhode Island Reds, or whatever the color is, at Kaimuki take up the sound and the Dorkings over Manoa Valley way swell the volume of noise. Then the Punchbowl brigade of Portuguese birds sing their song which is made a discord by the Alewa Heights colony of Brahmas joining in. This, of course, sets the Brown Leghorns crowing along Judd street and they pass the word to the White Leghorns at Kalihi.

Then the whole bunch stays quiet till about one o'clock in the morning when a Kalihi-waena rooster has a bad dream and starts the roosters at it again all the way to Diamond Head. By the time the last sad notes have died away a perky little Bantam is ready for another shout. And so it goes all night long.

They have the same sort of bother in Chicago, but Chief of Police McWeeny is declared to be meeting with success in suppressing the rooster. He has issued the following instructions to owners of too noisy birds:

"This department has received several complaints from persons whose early morning slumber is disturbed by crowing roosters. It is natural for a rooster to crow, but in order to do so he must raise his head. A simple device to stop the bird from crowing is to nail a board twelve inches above the perch in the chicken coop. This will prevent the rooster from raising its head to the proper angle for crowing, thereby suppressing the clamor noted."

We have seedless oranges, wireless "wires," thornless cactus and now, perchance, through this brilliant idea of Chicago's police chief, we may get crowless roosters.

A THANKLESS JOB.

Nearly everybody in the city but myself has suggested somebody or other as president of the territorial board of health now that E. A. Mott-Smith has made up his mind to quit. I mercifully refrain from wishing anybody to have that thankless job. I wouldn't give it to my worst enemy.

Mr. Mott-Smith is not to be blamed for wishing to get out of the office behind the judiciary building so that he may spend his time in the reposeful capitol. He has been the subject of almost daily attack by an anvil chorus of knockers for many moons now and it is small wonder if he has gotten sick of it. Now that he has decided to get out nearly everybody is saying nice things about him. So wags the world.

THE NOBLE THREE HUNDRED.

There are so many Englishmen in Honolulu that greater interest is taken in this part of the United States than in any other in regard to English politics. Just now there is much discussion here as to who will compose the noble three hundred lords who are to be created by King George, at the demand of Premier Asquith, to beat down the Conservative majority in the upper house.

One thing is certain, namely that American heiresses won't think very much of the new lords. It seems that they are only to have the rank of barons, and American millions can buy something higher in the social scale than that.

A baron, don't you know, is the very lowest type, that is to say rank, in the social chamber. Taking precedence of him are, first, the three princes of the blood; next, two archbishops; then come twenty-two dukes, twenty-three marquises, one hundred and twenty-three earls, forty-two viscounts and twenty-four bishops. There are already three hundred and forty-eight barons and Asquith's job lot of three hundred will make the total six hundred and forty-eight. Barons will be as common as butchers soon, and no self-respecting multi-millionaire will look at one.

THE STAIRCASE WALTZ.

Ladies of Honolulu are you next? In other words do you know the very latest thing in dancing? The Merry Widow waltz is now a thing of the past, unless some ancient comic opera company should come down here and attempt to revive it. To be strictly up to date you must be able to dance the Staircase Waltz.

What 'tis! Why it's as easy as falling off a log, unless you live in a bungalow. In that case you must build a second story to your residence. The Staircase Waltz was introduced in Franz Lenar's latest opera, "The Court of Luxembourg." And it is, as its name implies, a dance down the flight of stairs.

It takes a little getting onto, and I see that kindly hostesses are being asked to place mattresses at the foot of the stairs so that tyros can fall onto a soft thing and not bruise their fair skins. If Honolulu hostesses take it up I am certain they will be considerate enough to fall in with the suggestion to have armies on hand in the dressing rooms. Such a delicate attention will be appreciated.

THE NEXT WAR.

In times of arbitration prepare for war. Just after we had such a nice peace meeting here, when eloquence raised the roof of the Opera House and rattled the leaves of the painted forests in the wings, comes along Germany and makes Johnny Bull sit up. "Looks like war," say the London papers, and the war correspondents sharpen their lead pencils and brush their kits.

The next war ought to be something worth seeing—from a safe place behind the battle, mother. There will not only be infantry and cavalry and artillery but there will be aviators and chauffeurs, and telephone linemen and electric lights and new explosives.

Many people are talking world peace just now, but there are certain things which no respectable nation can stomach, and one of these days there's going to be an awful scrap. And may I be there to see it.

"Wise men hesitate; only fools are certain," he observed in the course of a conversation with his tender spouse.

"I don't know about that," she said, testily.

"Well, I am certain of it!" he exclaimed.

And for a long time he was puzzled to understand why she burst out laughing at him.—Smart Set.

"Was that your husband? He seems to have changed a great deal in the last five years."

"Yes, three times."

Small Talks

CHIEF McDUFFIE.—You bet I'm on deck.

HERBERT KAAL.—That audience last evening was inspiring.

ARTHUR G. SMITH.—It's the surfboarders that enjoy life.

GOVERNOR FREAR.—There's something doing every minute in this Territory.

FRED T. F. WATERHOUSE.—To "Rubber" is a mighty good thing—sometimes.

W. O. SMITH.—Did you notice the boom on the stock exchange yesterday?

Q. MARCALLINO.—The interisland scheme for baseball is a good one, and the series should attract many fans.

CHARLES J. HEISER, JR.—I am sorry to leave Honolulu, which is like home to me now, but it's a case of business, you know.

JACK LUCAS.—I've been lucky in my building operations for I have never lost a structure by fire or any kind of an accident.

C. F. CHILLINGWORTH.—Baseball should flourish better than ever in the future and the fans will, doubtless, patronize the games well.

SOLDIER KING.—I would like to have a go at some of the lightweight wrestlers. I think I could beat most of them at the mat game.

BOSUN JOHNSON.—The Skipper and I will be in fine form for the aquatic meet, and Ginger Mayne thinks that we should win the shallow dive.

JOHN FROELICHER.—I am sure that I have learned a lot of Thomas' tricks, and that I can show him that I can hold on for fifteen minutes before he can throw me.

WILLIAM WOLTERS.—I expect to bring home from Germany some mighty fine and valuable specimens of old postage stamps, something to make the eyes of local philatelists glisten.

SUPERVISOR MURRAY.—Yes, we are going to do some road work, and I think the first to be attended to will be Queen street between Fort and Alakea. That needs a top dressing badly.

SUPERVISOR EBEN LOW.—I believe that the road committee is the place where plans for road work should come and the directions of the committee should go to the city engineer for execution. There is no use in having a road committee if the plans for work are going to originate with the engineer or with other members of the board.

H. W. RIETOW.—I received a letter from a jewelry firm correspondent of mine on the mainland the other day addressed at me at "Honolulu, Philippine Islands." I wrote back and said they were mistaken that Honolulu was in Borneo and if they did not believe it they could ask a young man in their office who formerly lived in Honolulu. I guess when they ask that young man, they will be set right.

P. M. POND.—The Thermos bottle system of construction in vogue at Fort Ruger, under the direction of Captain Edwards of the army, strikes as a simplification of building methods and could well be adopted for Honolulu, generally. They call it the Thermos bottle system because when the work is finished there is a hermetically sealed house. The army officer uses a cement gun to shoot the cement into the wire lath and this makes a building absolutely sanitary and rat and insect proof.

NOW TOO MUCH SUPERFLUOUS DOG ABOUT HONOLULU

That there are too many promiscuous dogs in Honolulu is now the opinion of many citizens who have so little desire to see the capital of the Hawaiian Islands follow in the footsteps of curriden Constantinople, that they are going to bring matters before the supervisors and demand legislation on the matter.

A petition is now being draughted embodying suggestions as to the proper mode of keeping down the canine crop and this petition will be placed in the hands of the Oahu central improvement committee. Two thousand signatures will be asked in order that the matter will go before the city fathers with such a strong backing that the fatal element of politics will be taken out of it.

At the present time there is a half-hearted law on the question that is seldom enforced, as almost every Hawaiian is the proud possessor of a colony of flea-bitten mongrels that live entirely on the community eked out and flavored by their masters' affection for them. For the police to attempt to curtail this number would mean the raising of a storm of protest among the greater part of the electorate that would make any old kind of a police administration tremble in its boots.

The present plan, among other things, recommends that it be illegal to allow a dog on the street after eight o'clock at night without the company of his owner, and also would give the police power to shoot on sight such dogs as were abroad contrary to law.

LECONTENTE NAMED PRESIDENT OF HAYTI

PORT AU PRINCE, Hayti, August 7.

The revolutionary army has entered this city and is proclaiming Cincinnatus Leconte as president of Hayti. Order prevails.

The adherents of General Firmin, the rival of Leconte for the office, have retired. Leconte was formerly minister of the interior under the regime of President Nord Alexis.

CHARGES SOLDIER WITH BEING SPY PAID BY AUSTRIA

INDIANAPOLIS, Indiana, August 7.—Captain Watson, U. S. A., on duty in this city as the recruiting officer in charge of the local station, has asked the war department at Washington to order the arrest of Private George Peters of the Coast Artillery.

In his report to the department Captain Watson charges that Peters is a spy in the pay of Austria and that his special duty has been to secure information relative to the secret explosives made for the government and to secure military maps.

SENATE COMMITTEE IS IN DENOUNCING MOOD

WASHINGTON, August 4.—The senate committee investigating the "third degree" methods, or the forcing of confessions from prisoners and the summary arrest of accused persons, today made a report condemning "legal kidnapping" as it terms the arrest and transportation to Los Angeles of the Mexamara brothers by Burns' detectives.

NEW JAPANESE CONSUL IN CHARGE AT SEATTLE.

SEATTLE, Washington, July 25.—S. Takabashi, formerly secretary of the Japanese Embassy in Washington, assumed the duties of the Japanese consulate in Seattle today. K. Abe, who has been acting consul, remains as vice consul. The consulate has jurisdiction over Washington, Alaska, Northern Idaho and Western Montana.

JEROME JONES HELPS CRUSADE.

WASHINGTON, July 16.—Letters are being received by members of congress from Jerome Jones of Boston urging the suspension of the law bearing on coastwise trade between the United States and Hawaii so as to enable foreign-owned ships to carry American passengers without these ships having to pay a fine as is now the case.

It is said quite a movement will be started to procure this legislation from congress.

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